

# The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—Goethe.

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VOL. 60.—No. 16.

SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1882.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.  
6d. Stamped.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), April 22, will be performed GOUNOD's Opera, "FAUST E MARGHERITA." Margherita, Mdlle Olga Bergh (her first appearance in England); Siebel, Mdlle Trebelli; Marta, Mdlle Ghioiti; Meisfotele, M. Bouhy (his first appearance in England); Valentino, Signor Cotogni; Wagner, Signor Raguer; and Faust, Signor Frapoll. Conductor—M. DUPONT.

MONDAY Next, April 24, ROSSINI's Opera, "GUGLIELMO TELL." Mathilde, Mdlle Valleria; Edouge, Mdlle Ghioiti; Jemmy, Mdlle Volmi; Guglielmo Tell, Signor Cotogni; Walter, Signor de Reszke; Gessler, Signor Scolaria; Melchtal, Signor Raguer; Un Pescatore, Signor Igenio Corsi; and Arnoldo, Signor Mierzwinsky. Conductor—M. DUPONT. The Incidental Divertissement will be supported by Mdlle L. Reuters, Mdlle E. Reuters, Mdlle H. Reuters, and the Corps de Ballet.

Doors open at 8.0; the Opera commences at 8.30. The Box Office, under the portico of the Theatre, is open from Ten till Five. Orchestra Stalls, £1 5s.; Side Boxes on the first tier, £3 3s.; Upper Boxes, £2 12s. 6d.; Balcony Stalls, 15s.; Pit Tickets, 7s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d. Programmes, with full particulars, can be obtained of Mr Edward Hall, at the Box Office, under the Portico of the Theatre, where applications for Boxes and Stalls are to be made; also of Mr Mitchell, Messrs Lacon & Oller, Mr Bubb, Messrs Chappell & Co., and Mr Olivier, Bond Street; Messrs Leader & Co., 62, Piccadilly; Messrs Cramer & Co., 201, Regent Street; Mr Alfred Lucas, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings, and 26, Old Bond Street; and of Messrs Keith, Prowse & Co., 48, Cheapside.

CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERT, THIS DAY, April 22nd, at Three. The programme will include Overture, *Fidelio* (Beethoven); Symphony in D, Op. 90 (Dvorak), first time in England; "Le Carnaval Romain" (*Benvenuto Cellini*) (Berlioz); "Concertstück" (Weber). Vocalist—Miss Mary Davies. Solo Pianoforte—Mr Franz Rummel. Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANNS. Numbered Seats, 2s. 6d.; Unnumbered Seats, 1s.; Admission to Concert-room, 6d.

MDME SOPHIE MENTER'S FIRST PIANOFORTE RECITAL, MONDAY, April 24, ST JAMES'S HALL, Three o'clock. Schumann's "Carnival." Selections from Scarlatti, Mendelssohn, Henselt, Schubert, Liszt, Rubinstein, and Chopin. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.; Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 81, New Bond Street; usual Agents; and at Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall.

PROFESSOR MICHAEL BERGSON (late Principal at the Conservatoire of Geneva) has the honour to inform his Friends and Pupils that his ANNUAL CONCERT will take place in the month of MAY, at ST GEORGE'S HALL. Particulars will be shortly issued. The following Compositions by Professor BERGSON will be introduced: "Concerto Symphonique," Op. 62, played with immense success by the Composer, at his Concerts in Paris, Geneva, and London; also his "Grande Polonaise Heroique," for violin, as played by M. Pollitzer, Castali, and Herr Joseph Ludwig, with distinguished success.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.  
PROFESSOR MICHAEL BERGSON'S GRAND ANNUAL CONCERT.—Prof. M. BERGSON begs to announce that the following popular Compositions of his will be performed early in May, viz.: "Il Ritorno," Rondo-Valse, sung by Miss Berta Foresta; "The Better World," sung by Miss Jessica O'Brien; "Serenade Moresque," sung by Signor Ria, tenor, San Carlo, Naples; Sacred Song, "At morn I beseech Thee," sung by Miss Alice Fairman; "The Two Hearts," sung by Mrs Furlong. Signor Ria will sing on this occasion, Ascher's popular Romance, "Alice, where art thou?" and also Mr W. H. Holmes's Song, "Memories Sweet and Sad" (the poetry by Mrs M. A. Baines).

## MADAME MARIE ROZE'S PROVINCIAL TOUR.

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Founder and Director—Herr SCHUBERTH. Sixteenth Season, 1882. Members are informed that the Second Concert (70th since formation of Society—Schumann's Compositions in first part of programme), took place at the Langham Hall, on Thursday, 20th April. Ladies and Gentlemen desirous of joining the Society may have prospectus and full particulars on application to H. G. HOPPER, Hon. Sec., 244, Regent Street, W.

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## TO MUSICAL AMATEURS AND PROFESSIONALS.

THE Advertiser, who is promoting a Musical Society for London and the Provinces upon novel principles, is desirous of obtaining the Co-operation of Musical Amateurs and Professionals. Particulars, by letter only, of Mr WELLS, 43, Finsbury Circus, E.C.

## "IN SHELTERED VALE"

MR LEWIS THOMAS will sing CARL FORMES' celebrated Song, "IN SHELTERED VALE," at the Music Festival to be held next week at St Leonards.

## "THE MESSAGE"

MR VERNON RIGBY will sing BLUMENTHAL's admired Song, "THE MESSAGE," at the Royal Albert Hall, This Day (Saturday), April 22nd.

## "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MR GEORGE COX will sing ASCHER's "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU," at Dorchester, on April 25th.

## "ANGELS' FOOD."

SIGNOR SCHIRA'S admired Song (for Tenor or Soprano), "ANGELS' FOOD" (Poetry by RITA), is published, price 4s., by DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, London, W.—An Harmonium Part to the above Song is also published, price 1s.

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Music by

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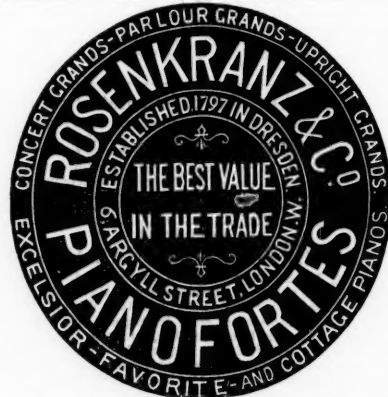
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**"HER VOICE."**

**"HER VOICE."** IGNACE GIBSONE's popular Song (poetry by "A Soldier's Daughter"), sung by M<sup>me</sup> ENRIQUEZ, is published, price 4s., by DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

**"PARADISE LOST."** An Oratorio. Composed by ANTON RUBINSTEIN, on the Poem of MILTON. The English version of the words by JOSIAH PITTMAN. Paris: GÉRARD, 2, Rue Scribe.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The new season at Covent Garden began on Tuesday night with a performance of *Les Huguenots*, to which the National Anthem, by way of particular distinction, served as a prelude. It is unnecessary to defend the choice of a well-known work for an opening night. A great operatic company assembles under conditions which make elaborate preparation almost an impossibility, and needs must that the selected work be one that, so to speak, runs of itself. Meyerbeer's masterpiece assuredly meets the requirement. It has been performed so often by Mr Gye's company that every person and thing concerned in its representation falls into place without trouble. We do not say that the result is ideally perfect—far from it. But if the imperfect must always be flouted, what would enjoy toleration? The preference given to *Les Huguenots* is defensible on other and special grounds. Often disparaged as hackneyed, the work never fails to interest and please those who, when beyond its influence, abuse it, while even exigent connoisseurs find in it many a page full of melody that retains its charm, or of power that continues to impress. The performance was attended by a large though not crowded audience, among whom was the Prince of Wales, and passed off as well as could be expected under somewhat untoward circumstances. Handbills were distributed in the theatre asking indulgence for Mme Fürsch-Madi\* (Valentina), on the ground of indisposition, while it was obvious that neither Mme Valleria (Marguerite de Valois) nor Signor Mierzwinsky (Raoul) enjoyed full possession of their physical resources. With three leading artists so affected, it was no wonder that the representation sometimes flagged. Yet all three did the best that was possible to them. A bad cold could not hide the fact that Mme Fürsch-Madi is an artist of high intelligence and great sympathy. This most appeared in the fine duet with Marcel, during which the lady was comparatively fresh, and throughout which she earned her full share of the considerable honours bestowed upon the joint effort. Mme Valleria, with reminiscences of success in Wagnerian opera attending her, made an easy mark as the Queen—a part often played by her, but never before on the Covent Garden stage. She sang, despite a cold, with grace and charm, while making as much as possible of the very slight dramatic element in the character. Marguerite de Valois has been represented by many artists of high rank on our Italian stage, but by none with more genuine attractiveness. Mme Trebelli, whose "Nobil Signor" was encoired, played the page in her own familiar way; Signor Cotogni was again a Nevers whom it would be hard to match, and Signor de Reszké, by means of artistic qualities that are nothing short of eminent, gave much distinction to the rôle of St Bris. The Raoul of Signor Mierzwinsky should, under the circumstances, be judged leniently. It was evident that the Russian tenor did not feel at his ease. Now and then, however, he roused the audience by forcing one of his resonant high notes, while, from a dramatic point of view, he satisfied many, if not all, requirements. Signor Gresse, to whom was entrusted the part of Marcel, did not spare himself in endeavouring to make prominent the bluntness and conscientious zeal of the faithful Huguenot. But he should not have accentuated everything equally. He played the part uniformly in large capitals, and so failed to catch attention at particular points. Otherwise Signor Gresse did well, both voice and appearance being greatly in favour of his success. Concerning the work of band and chorus there is nothing special to be said. Signor Bevignani conducted admirably as usual, and the new stage manager may be congratulated upon at least one laudable innovation. Instead of dispersing the citizens of Paris by means of a company of musketeers, as though they were a seditious gathering, he sent across the stage a patrol of three halberdiers, one of whom gave a warning to retire and passed on.—D. T.

On Thursday night *Lucia di Lammermoor* was given, with Mme Sembrich as the unhappy heroine; and this evening *Faust e Margherita* is announced for the débuts of Mdle Olga Berghi and M. Bouly.

## THE MUSICAL UNION.

M. J. Lasserre, successor to Professor Ella as Director of the Musical Union, has favoured us with the subjoined circular:—

"In consequence of circumstances beyond control, M. Lasserre will not be able to give any Subscription Concerts of the Musical Union this season. One Grand Matinée only will represent the time-honoured institution in the musical events of the year, and for this M. Lasserre has secured the services of eminent artists. The date and details of this Grand Matinée will be duly announced in the daily papers."

\* Who made her début as Mme Fürsch-Madier last season in the same character.

## FRENCH MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(Communicated.)

Arrangements are in active progress for holding a Musical Festival and Competition, between the French Orphéons, in the Royal Albert Hall, on June 20th and 21st, similar to the one held so successfully at Brighton last year, when 2,000 representatives of French, Belgian, and Swiss societies were present. Several of the leading French choirs and fanfares have already intimated their intention to take part in the gathering, including L'Harmonie de Batignolles; La Fanfare des Amis Réunis, Albert-Somme; La Société Musicale de Vichy; La Fanfare Musicale de Montereau, Seine et Marne; L'Union Chorale de Villeneuve la Guyard, Yonne; La Fanfare de Valdampierre, Seine et Oise; La Fanfare Bellemanière, Versailles; La Musique Municipale de Cambrai, Nord; La Société Chorale de St Dié, Vosges; Grande Fanfare de Roubaix, Nord; Société Philharmonique de Braux, Ardennes; Chorale Catésienne du Cateau, Nord, &c., &c. Sirs Julius Benedict, George Elvey, and Herbert Oakeley, MM. Randegger, H. Leslie, Brinley Richards, Albert Visetti, F. H. Cowen, Tito Mattei, T. Wyld, E. H. Thorne, and the members of the last year Musical Festival Committee have consented to act as jurors, in association with other musical authorities from Paris. In addition to the competitions, for which prizes consisting of medals, wreaths, works of art, &c., will be offered, two concerts will be given, supported by the principal societies and distinguished soloists and instrumentalists from the Grand Opera and Conservatoire de Musique of Paris. M. Chérifel de la Grave, of Brighton; M. H. A. Simon, proprietor of L'Orphéon, Paris; and Mr Herbert Bamford, of Wareham, Dorset, are the promoters of the scheme, which will be under high patronage. M. C. de la Grave is again Honorary Secretary.

## The Music of the Future.—Unusual Bargain.

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## BERLIN.

(Correspondence.)

Marianne Brandt chose the part of Leah in Anton Rubinstein's *Maccabees* for her farewell appearance at the Royal Opera-house. The Italian operatic season, at the Central Skating-Rink, opened with Donizetti's *Poliuto*, the principal characters sustained by Signora Adina, Signori Aramburo, Parboni, Corsi, and Gasperini, under the conductorship of Bimboni. The second opera was *Crispino e la Comare*, by the Brothers Ricci. A new three-act opera, *Prinz Orlofsky*, music by Raida, has been produced at the Victoria Theater.—According to annual custom, there was a performance of Graun's *Tod Jesu*, at the Singakademie, on Good Friday.—After an interval of twelve years, Jean Vogt's oratorio, *Die Auferweckung des Lazarus* (*The Raising of Lazarus*), has been given, with Radecke's Vocal Association, strengthened by outsiders, and Bilse's Orchestra.

## THE MUSICAL EAR.

It would be curious, if it were practicable, to ascertain how far the development of the musical ear of England has kept pace with the growth of our musical organization—the whole system of choir formation, concert giving, and general musical education, which have been so characteristic of the progress of English society during the past two or three generations. The thing cannot be done, because we have no sort of record of the extent to which the possession of an "ear" has been enjoyed at any particular time past. It would not be difficult, perhaps, to devise a fairly satisfactory standard of time and tune by which to test the musical sensibility of any given number of persons sufficient to represent the "ear" of the day, and it would, perhaps, be not altogether without scientific utility to do so with a view to a repetition of the test a few years hence. We seem to be on the point of making a very decided advance in musical matters in this country. The time is evidently quite ripe for it; a very general desire for improvement has given rise to what seems to be a strong movement, and the next ten years ought to witness a great stride in our musical education. It would be very interesting to be able at the end of this period not only to look back on the progress that has been made in the higher departments of the subject, but to have also some sort of criterion of the extent to which the unmusical mass has been brought along by the general tide. By the unmusical mass we must not be understood to mean the mass of the lower stratum of society, but that great body of unmusical people to be found.

We have really very little idea of the extent to which musical insensibility prevails. We cannot tell with any degree of certainty whether one person in five, or one in ten, or one in a hundred is practically destitute of the musical faculty. We have no means of ascertaining the truth on the subject. If we had we should be probably startled. We should find many facts which would at first appear hardly credible. In an ordinary Albert Hall assembly, for instance, we should, if we only had some trustworthy test, find that no inconsiderable number of persons composing it not only derived no pleasure from the finest music to be heard there, but were positively pained by it, and only sat through the performance under the compulsion of circumstances. Edwin, who perceives that all the world affects a musical enthusiasm, and knows that Angelina has a special craze upon the subject, will undergo any amount of torture with a smiling face, and even shout lustily for an encore rather than have it suspected that he really feels a strong inclination to howl like a dog at every outburst of harmony. He knows that in one of Angelina's favourite passages in Shakspeare, the great poet has made Lorenzo declare that the man who is not moved with concord of sweet sounds is fit for treason, the motions of his spirits are dull as night, his affections dark as Erebus. Let no such man be trusted, says Lorenzo. In his innermost heart, Edwin may perhaps suspect that Lorenzo was something of a humbug, and merely gave utterance to what he thought would be sure to please a girl who had just revealed a special susceptibility of soul to the influence of music. But not for the world would he breathe any such suspicion. On the contrary, he will probably quote the passage with hearty approval, and applaud vociferously even at moments of supreme anguish rather than have it supposed that he is a being of this dark and dangerous nature. It requires some little fortitude of soul to avow a strong repugnance to anything in which society generally recognizes at once a means and an outcome of refinement. There have been some equal to such an avowal; but they have been either below or above the ordinary conventionalities of "society." At any rate, they have been outside such conventionalities, like Voltaire, for instance, who always appeared to be put in the worst possible mood by music, however good, and who made no secret of his strong aversion to it. Usually, however, a person finding everybody about him apparently capable of appreciating music, will naturally do his best to conceal his own private sentiment on the subject, and will refrain from an admission which would at once relegate him to the Goths and barbarians.

That there are some "ears" of an organization so peculiar that the finest music jars upon their sensibilities most unpleasantly and even painfully, is a fact as indisputable as that there are some eyes to which a full flood of light occasions only suffering, and olfactory senses to which the sweetest odours of flowers are sickening and repulsive. No doubt, however, they are comparatively few. A more numerous section of the community probably are those who are more or less insensible merely to the power of music, just as some are insensible to the charms of colour or are wanting in the sense of smell or taste. Enthusiasts have sometimes maintained that every individual has a certain degree of musical faculty which only requires to be developed, but that certainly is not the case. Unquestionably there are to be found in any considerable community a certain small percentage of those who are

incapable of distinguishing between one musical sound and another. Such incapacity is probably due to some physical defect, and in that case, of course, no amount of training will be of any use. But it would be easy to accumulate a host of facts in support of the contention that wherever there is a capability of distinguishing one sound from another there is the possibility of making a musician. The foreign potentate who did not at all enjoy the concert, but thought the preliminary tuning of the fiddles immensely fine, undoubtedly had the making of a good instrumentalist. He had a strong preference for one kind of sound as compared with another, and the rectification of any little eccentricity of taste would only have been a matter of time and teaching. "No ear" is, it must be confessed, rather a dismal starting-point for a musical career, and it may be open to grave question whether it is really worth while to make a start from such a point. In determining this question of ear or no ear, however, serious mistakes are often made. School teachers will often require fresh pupils to sing certain notes, and will forthwith pronounce upon their "ear" without reflecting that the fault may possibly lie in the unpractised vocal powers, and not in the power to discriminate between sounds. Most amateurs who sing only occasionally must be well aware that it is not always in their power to hit just the note they wish, and that their own sense of tune, quite as much as that of the bystanders, is often outraged by their own voice. The power to produce a given note, and the power to recognize it when produced, are distinct things. But even when the ear is naturally wanting, it is astonishing what a little careful training will sometimes do. It was stated the other day by a large pianoforte maker, that a man who is now an excellent tuner, when first put there as a lad, was apparently all but destitute of the sense of musical sound. The delicate perception of the tuner was gradually acquired by effort and practice. The process that was carried on in this individual case by specific effort, is precisely that which goes on more slowly in the community at large by the multiplication of concerts, singing classes, public bands, &c., and the time may come when a person with no musical ear will be almost as great a phenomenon as a person with no ears at all.

## ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The competition for the Lady Goldsmid Scholarship took place on Monday, April 17. The examiners were Sir Julius Benedict, Messrs Evers, Jewson, Lunn, Walter Macfarren, Brinley Richards, Harold Thomas, Westlake, and the Principal (chairman). There were eighteen candidates, and the scholarship was awarded to Annie Cantelo.

Subjoined is the list of works played by the competitors:—

Study, in C minor, Bk. 4 (Chopin), Sonata, in E, Op. 109 (Beethoven); Chromatic Fantasia (J. S. Bach); Sonata, in D minor, Op. 31, No. 2 (Beethoven); 3me Ballade, in A flat (Chopin); Il moto Continuo (arranged by Brahms), Sonata, E flat, Op. 27, last movement (Beethoven); 3me Ballade, in A flat (Chopin), Sonata, in C minor, Op. 111, 1st movement (Beethoven); Fugue, in E minor (Handel), *Masaniello* (Thalberg); Nocturne, in C minor, No. 12 (Chopin); Toccata (Schumann); Prelude and Fugue, E minor, Vol. 2 (J. S. Bach), Barcarolle (Chopin); Fugue, in A flat, Vol. 2 (J. S. Bach), Ballade, in G minor (Chopin); Sonata, in F minor, Op. 5, last two movements (Beethoven); Sonata, in C, 1st movement (Paradies), Aufschwung (Schumann); Italian Concerto, last two movements (J. S. Bach), Study in F minor, No. 4 (W. Sterndale Bennett); Selections from *Études Symphoniques* (Schumann), Organ Fugue, in G minor (J. S. Bach)—(arranged by Liszt); Fugue, in F, Vol. 2 (J. S. Bach), Allegro Grazioso (W. Sterndale Bennett); Capriccio, in B flat minor, Op. 33 (Mendelssohn); Fugue, in D minor, Vol. 2 (J. S. Bach), Tema con Variazioni (W. Sterndale Bennett); Prelude and Fugue, in B flat, Vol. 1 (J. S. Bach); Kreisleriana, Nos. 1 and 2 (Schumann).

## THE LATE MR. ROSSETTI.

The funeral of Mr D. G. Rossetti took place on Friday afternoon in the picturesque little churchyard of Birchington-on-Sea. The arrangements were of the simplest kind, the cortege consisting only of the poet's aged mother and other members of his family, besides a few intimate friends. The funeral service was read by the Rev. J. P. Alcock, the vicar of Birchington, who had visited Mr Rossetti during his last illness. We are asked to state, with reference to the proposed exhibition of Mr Rossetti's works at the galleries of the Fine Art Society, that neither the family nor the principal owners had been consulted when the announcement was made, and without their consent any exhibition of Mr Rossetti's pictures would, of course, be extremely defective.—*Times*.

## CHERUBINI.

(Continued from page 224.)

## III.

*The young reputation of Cherubini procures him an invitation to go and write two operas in London.—His distinguished reception in England.—His first visit to and first stay in Paris. His connection with Viotti and the happy influence it exercised on his future.—Viotti presents him at Court; Queen Marie Antoinette receives him most kindly and facilitates his introduction at the Sacred Concerts.—He settles definitively in Paris, after composing and bringing out one last work in Italy.*

Cherubini had not yet completed his twenty-fourth year, yet he had just brought out his eighth opera, and his reputation had spread so far and so rapidly that, on his return to Florence from giving his last work at Mantua, he was asked to sign an engagement binding him to go and compose two Italian operas in London for the two seasons of 1785 and 1786.\* The two operas were to be performed at the King's Theatre in the Haymarket. The proposal was a tempting one and he did not hesitate accepting it. He was then doubtless far from thinking that, though destined to see Italy once again, he never would return to his native town! However this may be, he started from Florence for England some time in the month of September, 1784.† He was received in London in the most courteous and distinguished manner, as he himself informs us, without entering into minute details; "During his stay in London, he had the honour of being presented to the Prince of Wales, afterwards Regent, and then King, under the name of George IV. This Prince was very fond of music, especially vocal music. Cherubini played on several occasions with him and the Duke of Quisbourg, with whom he was very well acquainted."‡ He brought out in the spring of 1785 his first work, *La Finta Principessa*, which was a buffo-opera. According to tradition, it met with a very favourable reception, but, singularly enough, Burney, the celebrated English writer, does not say a word about it in his *History of Music*, or of any other of Cherubini's works which followed it, and which were almost servile copies. After this fortunate beginning, Cherubini wrote six pieces for an opera entitled *Demetrio*, a sort of patchwork, the music of which emanated from different composers.§ Soon afterwards, having some leisure in consequence of the usual yearly closing of the theatre, he profited by the opportunity to come and make a short stay in Paris, which, as we can easily understand, he was very desirous of seeing and knowing:

"Towards the end of July this year," he says, "he paid a visit to Paris, where he first made the acquaintance of the celebrated Viotti, with whom he formed a close friendship, and with whom he

\* According to Picchianti, Cherubini undertook also by this engagement the functions of Director of the London Philharmonic Society. Two reasons incline me to consider this assertion incorrect: in the first place Cherubini does not say a word about such a thing in his Notice dictated to de Beauchesne, and then his catalogues contain no indication whatever of any composition written by him for the above Society. Now it would be very astonishing, had he been placed at the head of a musical institution of this kind, that he should not think fit or be obliged to write something for it. I am more disposed to believe that, as Choron and Fayolle assert (*Dictionnaire historique des Musiciens*), he had the title and duties of "Composer to the King," a fact which caused him to write various detached pieces which were interpolated, as we shall subsequently see, in the operas performed at the King's Theatre.

† A highly distinguished English writer on music, Mr George Grove, says somewhere that Cherubini was present at Handel's Commemorative Service, celebrated in July, 1784, at Westminster Abbey. Mr Grove has probably been deceived by some erroneous statement, for Cherubini says textually in the Notice dictated to de Beauchesne that "he started for London in the month of September, 1784." Besides, it was in the month of May that he brought out his *Alessandro nell' Indie* at Mantua, and it was not till after his return to Florence that he agreed to go to England; and we must suppose that events followed each other with very great rapidity to enable him to reach London and be installed there in the month of July.

‡ Notice dictated to de Beauchesne.—There is here an error in the name, which latter should be: the Duke of Queensbury.

§ The Chronological Catalogue (published by Böttée de Toulmon) would lead us to suppose that only four pieces were written for *Demetrio* and two for another opera. But the other catalogue shows decisively that all six were composed for this work. One of the pieces was written expressly for Crescenti; another was sung by Mme Ferraresi.

promised to come and spend the next year in that capital. It was during this visit that he was presented to Marie Antoinette, by whom he was most favourably received, and who expressed a wish to hear some of his music at the concerts which took place in the Château of Versailles."||

The journey which he thus made simply for his pleasure, was destined to exert upon his future a decisive influence of which he then had no idea. From that day, though two years were to pass before he resolved on settling in Paris, he belonged virtually to France, which he was to make his adopted country. His close intimacy with Viotti, to whom he was naturally attracted by their common nationality, was destined to bring about this result, and we shall see by what concatenation of events his career took a new and unexpected direction. Viotti, the incomparable violinist, had resided in Paris since 1782. After a long course of travel which he undertook in Europe with his master, Pugnani; after his stay in Germany, Poland, and Russia; after his triumphs at Warsaw, St Petersburg, and Berlin; he came to Paris to consecrate definitively his young but already immense reputation. For two years he had enchanted the amateurs of the Sacred Concerts, causing them to forget Jarnowick, and had astounded all our artists, for whom his noble and grandiose execution, full of poetry, disclosed a complete transformation in the art of violin-playing. Then, suddenly, in consequence of something which people have endeavoured to explain, but which has really remained unknown, he gave up most absolutely appearing before the Paris public. However, as he was hardly thirty and possessed talent which may without exaggeration be qualified as marvellous, we may well suppose that he did not desert the noble cultivation of art and the pursuit of the purest ideal. Young, handsome, gentlemanly, and endowed with the most happy gifts of intelligence, he had quickly found himself sought after by all the most eminent members of high society and the cleverest men in Paris. Having become conductor of the Prince of Guéméné's famous concerts, he was received at Court, where the Queen accorded him a particularly flattering welcome, and he was to be seen in the salons of Mme d'Etiolles, Mme de Rohan, and the Duchess de Richelieu. On the other hand, very accessible to the new ideas and liberal doctrines, which then were the daily preoccupation of all, he became intimate with the encyclopedists, frequented men of letters and authors, forming affectionate relations with some, among whom Marmontel, Florian, and the Abbé Morellet, are especially mentioned. Having amassed a veritable fortune on his grand European tour, he was in consequence independent, and divided the pleasant and smiling existence he led in Paris between important labours of composition, the care he bestowed on his pupils, numerous mundane relations, and periods of intelligent and studious leisure. When Cherubini, preceded by the great reputation he had achieved in his own country, came, to a certain extent, accidentally, and made his first stay in Paris, Viotti, whose generous sentiments were equal to his admirable artistic powers, determined to know him, and welcomed him like a brother. Older by some years, already settled a considerable time in the French capital, where he possessed an immense circle of acquaintances, and well versed in the artistic life of the day, Viotti constituted himself in some sort the protector, the guide, and the Mentor of his compatriot, infusing into his intercourse with the latter such amenity, graciousness, and affectionate cordiality, that Cherubini, touched by such conduct, soon returned sentiment for sentiment, and an almost fraternal intimacy, never afterwards to be disturbed, was thenceforth established between them. Their meeting was indeed a piece of good fortune for Cherubini; unknown in Paris, where he had no connections, he found a friend whose natural attachment sought only to be employed for his profit, and who created opportunities for being useful to him. Viotti adored France, where he had settled with delight and it was soon his desire to induce Cherubini to settle there too. As we have seen, Viotti presented him directly after his arrival to the Queen, Marie Antoinette, who received the young composer most encouragingly, and I should be very much astonished if it was not Viotti who had also facilitated Cherubini's introduction, during his rapid journey, at the Sacred Concerts. This introduction has escaped all the biographers, not one of whom, up to the present time, has spoken of it. The event, however, is not

|| Notice dictated to De Beauchesne.

without interest, since it represents the first step made by Cherubini before the French public, two years and a half previous to the production at the Opera of his *Démophon*, the earliest work written by him for any theatre of ours. It strikes me as difficult to believe that the idea of such a step did not emanate from Viotti, and it was certainly the great violinist who on this occasion smoothed the path for his new friend. He was familiar with the customs of the Sacred Concerts, he knew intimately Legros, formerly a singer at the Opera, who had become the very energetic director of these interesting entertainments, and the authority derived from his brilliant successes easily enabled him to be useful to a young composer, who, moreover, was not a mere nobody. Cherubini had brought with him to Paris another of his compatriots, the celebrated singer, Babbini, whom he had known in Florence, who belonged to the Italian company at the King's Theatre, and had, doubtless, taken part in the performance of *La Finta Principessa*. The two agreed that they would appear simultaneously before the public, and on the 8th September, 1785, the bills of the Sacred Concert contained the titles of four compositions of Cherubini's, a symphony and three Italian airs, all three sung by Babbini. What "symphony" was this? I cannot say. Never, as far as I know, did Cherubini write a regular symphony, and, furthermore, there is no trace in his catalogue at this period of any work of such a description or at all resembling it. The composition in question was presumably the overture to one of his operas.

(To be continued.)

#### LINES FOR MUSIC.

<p>I'm but a simple country girl, To fashion's ways a stranger; Tho' from afar I hear the whirl, Which warns me there is danger.</p> <p>In honest work I spend my life, Quite heedless of the morrow; For never does the voice of strife Turn pleasure into sorrow.</p>	<p>My dress is of the simplest kind, Untutored is my gait, To worldly cares I'm always blind, Regardless of my fate.</p> <p>But tho' in money's worth I'm poor, Untaught with wealth to toy, My heart is sound, my love is pure: These are the springs of joy.</p>
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So if your choice be fixed like mine,  
Well tried as melted gold,  
We'll find in love a richer mine,  
Than dreams can e'er unfold.

\*Copyright.

DAVID ALEXANDER HUME.

THE ARDITI AND SERJEANT BALLANTINE AT RICHMOND.—(From "*Ballantine's Reminiscences*,")—"Amongst others from whose society this pleasant resort (Richmond) derived an additional charm were Signor and Mme Arditi, with whom I was fortunate enough to form an acquaintance shortly after their arrival in this country; and I believe it was upon my invitation that they, for the first time, made its acquaintance; and since that period, in their company, I have often and much enjoyed myself."

KNELLER HALL.—Mr Childers, accompanied by Mrs and Miss Childers and his private secretary, Major the Hon. Neville Lyttelton, paid a visit to the Military School of Music, Kneller Hall, Twickenham, on Friday, April 14th. The party was received by the commandant, Lieutenant-Colonel Thompson, and the band performed the usual complimentary march. The pupils were then inspected, after which they were assembled in their respective classrooms. The method of classification and general course of training, the text-books used, and other matters of detail were explained to the right hon. gentleman. The men's quarters, dining-hall, and chapel were afterwards visited. The party remained with Colonel and Mrs Thompson to lunch, during which the band played.

The *Leisure Hour* for May contains the Autobiography (hitherto unpublished) of William Jackson, of Exeter, the well-known Musician, the friend of Gainsborough, Goldsmith, and Sir Joshua Reynolds. Many letters of Gainsborough are in the narrative. Jackson was long the most popular composer of his day. His canzonets, "Love in thine eyes for ever strays," "Time hath not thinned my flowing locks," and others, were favourites in every drawing-room, while his "Te Deum in F" echoed through every cathedral in England. He seems to have studied with great success the secret of national melody, and the popularity of his songs lasted till Dibdin became the universal favourite, appealing, as he did, to patriotic enthusiasm roused by stirring events.

#### WHITECHAPEL FINE ART EXHIBITION.

The collection of pictures that for a fortnight adorned the painting walls of St Jude's schoolroom has been scattered, and the noble works sent back to their several owners. Sunday, the 16th inst., was the last of the too few days granted for the enjoyment of a sight rare to dwellers in the east of London. It need not be said that money entered not into the calculations of the organizers of the exhibition, for there was no entrance fee; but at the same time it should be recorded that there was no evidence of any motive other than the amusement of the humble visitors. Doubtless the 20,000 gazers felt unwonted ease in the consciousness that the fine things were not so many baits used for doctrinal or political purposes. The hard ways of a labourer's life lead him to suspect that every benefit must be paid for in some way or other, and occasionally he goes so far as to imagine that the prayers offered up in church and chapel for his soul's and body's health are not always so disinterested as they might be. He likewise doubts the sincerity of gratuitous displays in speech, or song, or show, made on his behalf by the titled and wealthy, if applause from his hand, or throat, be sought or expected in reward. It was, therefore, somewhat hard to fix the fact in the minds of the toilers at the East-end that their amusement was the only object thought of by the organizers of the exhibition, but this was done by keeping the schoolmaster and the priest quite out of sight. Whilst guarding any approach to dogmas and ethics, the managers, at the same time, did not show desire to instruct the people in the principles of the art of painting; indeed, the pictures seemed chosen for the subjects illustrated, rather than for the art displayed. Had the amiable gentlemen gone in for art teaching they might have placed before astonished eyes specimens of classical art, indulging in nudity, to demonstrate grace of outline, elegance of proportion, richness of tint, and strength of expression. Thinking that a course of Ovid would be necessary for their uncouth students to grasp the tender ideas, they wisely admitted no works that would lead the dwellers in Whitechapel to think that art had somehow gone astray, had been transformed into a panderer of sensuality. So Venuses were left to hang in rooms and halls where pure minds, by sophistication, can see only sublimity manifested by drawings that elsewhere would come under Lord Campbell's act against indecency.

The exhibition instead embraced such works as Munkacsy's "Lint Pickers" (No. 92), in which a story of war is graphically told. The looker-on could not but be rivetted by the group of women listening, whilst engaged in their task of preparing stuff to stanch wounds, to the words of one just come in with damaged limb from the scene of horror. The news brought by him works its misery upon the faces of wives, mothers, and children occupied in the truly woman's task of getting ready to nurse and comfort maimed and mangled sufferers. So likewise Josef Israel's "Departure" (No. 59) excited sympathy by the natural way the widow's grief is expressed. Sorrows such as hers are not uncommon in the neighbourhood, and many of the visitors had seen similar hovels steeped in woe. The knowledge that scenes of poverty and grief were not disregarded by the rich, that this very picture of destitution had its home in a gilded saloon of the wealthy, might do something to strengthen the feeling that the West-end of London was after all not so far away. The managers of this exhibition are doing blessed work if they bring the rich and poor a little closer together. The Englishman, however humble, is a lover of animals, and Briton Riviere gratified that amiable passion by his striking painting, "Roman Holiday" (No. 46), with its tigers, slaying and slain; and still further by the dog (45)—a dog, by the way, well known in every street of the neighbourhood. Why, it is just such an one as Bill Sykes delights in, and there, in the picture, it crouches away as if it heard the angry voice of its husky-throated master. And the dogs in Nettle's pictures (Nos. 97 and 98) were lovingly gazed upon; the St Bernard for killing the wolf, and the bull-dog and pup for the eager defence they are making on behalf of their young mistress. Professor Richmond's romances appealed to minds sensible to the mysteries of death and of sorrow, and Watts' imaginings took the beholder to realms untrodden in prosaic life. Some of the seafaring men who went to the exhibition might have been familiar with "Amsterdam" (No. 63), painted by Jacob Maris, and those who knew not the scene, would be struck with its similarity to views on the lower Thames.

The design of the directors evidently was to appeal to the feelings of the visitors, and consequently the pictures were generally pitched in a sober, if not a sad key. They certainly succeeded in their purpose. Yet it would have been perhaps beneficial, to have imparted the gaiety of colour to their admirable collection. Without prejudice it may be said that the inhabitants of the East-end are children in art, and all children, big and little, are fascinated with the charm of colour. The building, likewise, is a dark one, and the relief was wanting that bright tints afford. On entering the rooms sounds of

voices in conversation were heard, that gave one the idea that the supercilious pratings, so destructive of enjoyment at Burlington House, had migrated to Whitechapel. By further experience it was found that the talk came from young men who had undertaken the duties of friendly expositors to the inartistic crowd. Those gentlemen did admirable service by going from one knot of visitors to another to unfold, in familiar speech, the design and character of the several paintings. Their friendly and unostentatious remarks were highly instructive, and fully appreciated. They carried out the purpose of the committee by insisting upon the connection that exists between art and labour. A picture by Zimmermann, "Her Serene Highness" (No. 64) may have assisted them in their humane task. A little heiress is seen amongst a group of peasants; the old labourers, accustomed to serfdom, bow slavishly to the silk and satin, whilst a young girl, with implements of husbandry upon her shoulders, looks on with the calmness of equality, and that too in spite of the haughtiness of the lackey, who sees not the affinity hidden by silks and rags. Now the richly dressed girl may represent art, and the poorly clad stand for labour, but for all that they are sisters. The finkies of Society, and their name is legion, may declare there is no relationship, but the time may come, longed for by such noble spirits as Ruskin, when art and labour shall go through the world hand in hand.

PENCERDD GWFFYN.

## VIENNA.

(Correspondence.)

The "Guests' Season" at the Imperial Operahouse during the time that members of the regular company are on leave of absence, commenced on the 12th inst., when Mad. Weckerlin, from Munich, and Herr Gudehus, from Dresden, appeared for the first time before a Viennese public, the opera being *Tannhäuser*. The lady was to play four nights only, but the gentleman is engaged up to the 15th May. Mad. Wilt comes on the 1st May and remains till the 15th June. Mdle Marianne Brandt, and the tenor, Stritt, are secured for the whole of May. Riese, tenor at the Theatre Royal, Dresden, is engaged from the 15th May to the 15th June, an engagement for the same period having been offered to Siehr, bass, from the Theatre Royal, Munich. Niemann, from the Royal Opera, Berlin, and the barytone, Reichmann, begin on the 1st and play till the 15th June, when the operatic season proper closes. For next season, which begins on the 1st August, Broulik, tenor, Wigand, bass, and Lehmann are engaged. During this month there will probably be only two "guests," Reichenberger, bass, and Gabrieli, from Hanover, soprano. The regular company all return on the 1st September, and the first novelty is expected on the 4th October.

## MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

The second *soirée de musique*, got up among the members of the Société Philharmonique, took place last evening at the Salle des Pompiers, and was a success. After a quintet, executed very creditably by MM. Thibout, Sons, and Delattre, the duo, or music-lesson from Paer's *Maitre de Chapelle* was given, Mdle S. D., as the pupil, decidedly carrying off the palm from the somewhat languid barytone who represented the *maestro*. An *Allegro* movement for violoncello, executed by M. Thibout fils, and a chorus, under the direction of M. Ed. Brunet, by the members of the Society, entitled "Li. Tsin," brought the first part of the programme to a conclusion. The air from *Galathée*, when the statue of Pygmalion finds she is animated, appropriately brought life into the second part. It was well rendered by Mdle R. One of Liszt's "Rhapsodies Hongroises" was played with remarkable accuracy by Mdle Adams. Two lengthy songs by an indifferent singer "dragged their weary length along." The *finale* consisted of a chorus, "Nymphes aux Bois" (Delibes), admirably rendered by the amateur members of the Society.

This is the second winter this deserving Society has sought to promote good music and cheer the long evenings when the regular season is over. They give four public concerts, three "concerts intimes," and a ball. Their funds are flourishing, so let us hope that "they may long live and prosper." X. T. R.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, April 18, 1882.

ALGIERS.—Active measures have been taken for building another Théâtre National on the site of that recently destroyed, and it is hoped the new house will be ready by November or December at the latest. 11,000 francs were collected for artists and other sufferers by the fire.

## MABEL'S ANSWER.\*

Oh ask me not to be thy bride,  
I dare not answer Yea;  
When Willie parted from my side,  
And sailed adown the flowing tide,  
He bore my heart away.  
A fair exchange—he took to sea  
The love you crave so ardently,  
And false to him I cannot be,  
O leave me now, I pray.

The tide may ebb, the tide may flow,  
And weary days must come and go,  
But love like mine no change can know,  
Said pretty Mabel Gray.

Now Reuben, lad, there's one I know  
Would gladly be thy wife,  
The love thou would'st on me bestow  
To her is dear as life.  
That love grows stronger day by day;  
I'm sure she would not say thee Nay;  
Pause, ere you throw such love away,  
For fickle hearts are rife.

The tide may ebb, the tide may flow,  
And fickle maids may come and go,  
But love like hers no change can know,  
Said earnest Mabel Gray.

Ah Mabel, lass, my heart has read  
Thy tale another way,  
That little maid, young Reuben said,  
Is charming Mabel Gray.  
He clasped her in his fond embrace,  
The blushes mantling o'er her face,  
Then, looking up with witching grace,  
She faintly whispered Yea.

The tide may ebb, the tide may flow,  
The happy days will come and go,  
For at the altar bending low,  
Is witching Mabel Gray.

\*Copyright.

WETSTAR.

## NEW YORK GRAND OPERAHOUSE.

There seems just now to be some doubt whether, after all, the projected new Operahouse in New York will be erected. Differences, it would appear, have arisen among the managing directors, Mr Vanderbilt and one or two other "millionaires" feeling inclined to withdraw from the undertaking, although a vast deal of money has already been thrown into it. The ultimate expenditure threatens, I hear, to double, if not nearly triple that at first contemplated. To build a new grand Operahouse without any State "subvention," as, for example, in Paris, is a matter of some peril. The late Mr Frederick Gye is the only instance to be recorded of such an enterprise on the part of a private individual. When Covent Garden Theatre was burnt down (1856), he built the new Royal Italian Operahouse, at his own risk, and opened it in the spring of 1858, on the very day he had announced. He himself did not witness the first performance (the *Huguenots* was selected for the occasion), being prostrate with illness, caused by over-fatigue and incessant anxiety; but he kept his pledge to the public; and the fact must always be recorded, to his honour, as one of the most interesting and remarkable in the history of opera in England.—(Correspondence of the "Graphic.")

At the New York May Festival there will be 300 instrumentalists and some 3,200 singers.

## DEATH.

On April 12th, ROBERT RIVIÈRE, of 47, Gloucester Road, Regent's Park, N.W., and of Broad Street, Bloomsbury, aged 73. Friends will please accept this (the only) intimation.

On April 13th in Paris, after a few days illness, ARTHUR BLANCHARD, the beloved second son of Blanchard Jerrold.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1882.

BENVENUTO CELLINI.

(Episode in the life of Hector Berlioz.)

By JULES JANIN.\*



The world of an artist is a world of itself; a land of faery, which from afar appears to the uninitiated, as the *Eldorado* appeared to Candide. At a distance may be distinguished confused murmurs, incessant agitation—but what is said, what is done, remains unknown, unknowable. What blank despair in those cloud-capped Archipelagos, of which none know the cause! What delicious rapture whose source must ever remain hidden from the ken of simple mortals! There was a palace at Versailles; and in this palace lived a king and queen; and around this king and queen, as though round a common centre, came every passion, every glory, every ambition of the multitude, to live and die. There was motion, —there was the spot on which the mighty Archimedes might have fixed the lever with which he was to move the world. And yet the Versailles of Louis XIV. was not more difficult of access, was not surrounded by walls more lofty, or darkness more profound, than the artist world of which we speak, where so many have penetrated by right of conquest, but whence none have returned to give an account of what they have seen and heard.

For example—we attend a concert given by Hector Berlioz; we listen to the mournful inspirations of a dejected mind, relating to itself in its own passionate language, a strange and fearful drama, mingling together its treasures of harmony and tears; and, after hearing the *Marche au Supplice*, we return quietly home, humming the *Postillon de Longjumeau*! Or perhaps we are present at the first representation of *Benvenuto Cellini*, and without endeavouring to unravel the meaning of those touching inspirations, without attempting to comprehend all the profound melancholy displayed in that affected gaiety, we assume the *grand connoisseur*, and exclaim—“Ah! he will do better next time!”—and we think we have done all, said all—unmindful that the *Chant de Supplice*, to which we have paid such frigid attention, may perhaps have burned up the existence of the author!—that *Benvenuto Cellini*, which we condemn so hastily, is the glory of him whom we trample under foot!—yes, his glory!—his life!—on this die he had staked his genius!—he had devoted his head, his heart, his soul, to this one object, and we tell him *he must try again!*—he must take his revenge! as though speaking of a horse-race in the Champ-de-Mars!—If we were not stupid, we should be as cowardly as we are cruel!

\* Translated from the French of — years ago.

And have we the least idea of what becomes of this great artist, exposed to our frigid condolence, our insulting pity, and the *revenge* we suggest to him?—He returns home with despair in his heart! Heaven! what a change!—He left home bursting with hope and pride!—He proceeded to a certain triumph—Glory was waiting to place the laurel on his brow.—He had invited the crowd to feast on the beauties his genius had prepared for them!—He was going to revel in a flood of harmony of which himself was the source!—to hear the last echo of a twenty years' golden dream, sublimed by love, by grief, by experience. What could have been grander or more imposing than an artist thus proceeding to his triumph? Not Christopher Columbus going to the discovery of a new world.—A single moment has shattered all these hopes! The fall of a brick has overturned the whole of this poetic scaffolding! This dazzling glory has fled on the wings of air! The name, which should have been so popular, has hardly been pronounced by the disdainful multitude! Oh, misery!—what a dreadful abyss between the moment of setting out, and the moment of return!—And yet *it is the same genius*. But the crowd would understand nothing; their hearts refused to beat, their eyes refused to weep;—something was out of order in these vast machines, by which glory is fabricated. Poor artist!—but this instant clad in hope—now feeble and naked, doubting himself!—Pray for him! These are griefs unknown to the crowd which crushes a man of genius under foot, as it would crush an ant with its booty. The crowd is brutal, improvident, insensible. Little reck it, if the few chosen men devoted to its service die of grief or of joy. It is prodigal of its condemnation as of its praise. No tyrant, even when tyrants flourished, was ever more headstrong and unfeeling.

Behold Berlioz at home, alone with his wife, who cannot console him, and his child, who seeks in vain for his caresses. Discouraged and sad, he betrays no signs of consciousness. Around him all is silence;—the least idea that presents itself to his imagination, he rejects with horror as though it were criminal. No more music—no more of those solemn festivals, which were wont to take place night and day in the heart of the artist, as his visions of loveliness floated before him. His friends no longer recognize the Berlioz of former days; he is out of spirits, he is ill; he no longer peruses his favourite poets—he no longer maintains those proud and intimate conversations with Beethoven, which have given birth to so kindred a spirit between them. His friends request him to play—he remains obstinately silent.—“Defend yourself, Berlioz,” say they; “if you will neither play, nor sing, nor compose, at least take your pen and defend yourself.” No—Berlioz refuses to write. And truly why should he write like a simple mortal, who is accustomed to speak with the thousand voices of orchestra and chorus?—His friends think him entirely lost; they whisper to each other that he will never recover his mental discouragement. Every day with increased inquietude they demand,—“What is Berlioz about?—have you heard any sounds issue from his house?—has he awakened from his lethargy?—has he commenced another of those gorgeous symphonies picturing the many-tinted clouds—the borders of flowery meadows—and rivers frozen by the winter?” And each looks despondingly at the other.

In order to distract him from his torpor the friends of Berlioz proposed that he should give a concert, at which the *Marche au Supplice*, and the *Chant d'Harold* should be performed,—thus to involve in succession the dreams of his youth, when he was but an unknown wanderer among the mountains of Abbruzzi.—Nothing, however, was affected by this concert: Berlioz did not attend—he was ill—confined to his room—while his work was being performed!—This was the last hope of his friends.—“Unhappy Berlioz,” said they, “what can be done for him?”

One more chance, however, was afforded to Berlioz. He gave a second concert. This time he was at his accustomed post, and conducted the orchestra himself. To see him was enough to understand the terrible disappointment he had undergone. No longer the fearless enthusiast, full of youth and energy, who, from his elevated *estrade*, as the trumpet sounded, seemed as though he would launch himself into futurity. He looked like one recently vanquished, already lost to his past triumphs. However, by little and little, as he listened to that mighty poem, the history of his joys and griefs, the artist became reanimated; his eyes were steeped in refreshing tears, his heart beat more loudly than ever, the blood circulated wildly in his veins; his audience, moved like himself, returned him emotion for emotion. But what were his feelings on beholding in an obscure corner of the room—a being, dark and impenetrable—who wept?—yes—the tears were flowing from his eyes—yes—his perpetual smile was arrested—his austere look was softened! It was Paganini who thus abandoned himself to this supernatural emotion!—Paganini himself!

Paganini is a strange being;—a most inexplicable riddle. There

is nothing human in his appearance. His long bony head, covered with dishevelled hair, can hardly contain the fire which gives light to that morose regard, so difficult for human looks to bear. We can scarcely be certain, in beholding him, that he is not a corpse, which has risen from the grave to walk the earth, so much does he resemble the Lazarus of Rembrandt stripped of his winding-sheet. His arms hang loosely to the ground, and his bony hands, furnished with tendons of steel, plainly denote the terrible struggles which have given him such complete control over his violin—that tormented soul enclosed within four pieces of wood. We always look upon this singular man with awe, whether he salutes the pit with his heavy, cold, and marble smile—whether he breaks the strings of his violin through a fantastic caprice, for which he gives no reason—or whether he abandons himself truly and proudly to all that galvanic inspiration which leaves us mute and transported. We have seen him in the most opposite situations;—on a beautiful spring evening, singing on his instrument the prayer from *Moïse*, as it should be sung by Raphael's St Cecilia in the paradise of Mozart;—on a gloomy winter night, when the influenza was raging, more sombre and sad than ever, and he arrived, bow in hand, causing instantaneous silence, as though he were an apparition from the tomb, expressly to point out with his finger those who were destined to die.

Nor the voice of the beloved one, nor the picturesque costume of distant countries, nor the magnificence of the East, nor the nudity of the savage, nor the newly-acquired laurels of the warrior, nor the unearthly brightness shed over the death-bed of a young and lovely woman, ever produced such effect as the simple presence of this dark and inspired phantom. And phantom-like he was, in his habits and caprices. He was seen—and he was seen no more. He was one instant joyful to excess, the next, depressed with sadness. He travelled from one end of Europe to the other, and, during his absence, endless deeds of gloom and mystery were attributed to him; even his amours were jealously discussed. He was a species of wandering Jew, with a cross of fire between his eyebrows. He went through the world, making gold like an alchemist who has found out the secret of secrets; and crowds divided to let him pass. He was separated from mankind by an invisible circle which none had dared to break through. In a moment of desperation a young writer,\* who wielded his pen as novices wield their swords, had the temerity to attack him. It appeared a bold action to laugh at the general fear, and approach this shadow near enough to find out where his heart was placed. He approached him—and on what grounds think you?—On those of avarice—of insensibility—of hard-heartedness—of unwillingness to give a stroke of his bow in order to save the poor from hunger and cold! The phillippic was vehement—it was repeated. The writer who attacked such a being was welcomed with gladness. Paganini, however, remained unmoved, and deigned no reply. It was useless attempting to force him to play for the poor; he played no longer for anybody—not even for himself; and if at times he felt a yearning towards his violin, he shut himself up in his chamber, and, double-locking his door, placed a mute on his instrument, and breathed music scarcely audible to the greedy ear. But to him—the great artist—this little was enough;—he heard the rest in heaven. Such was the man—such was the living shadow whom Berlioz discovered vehemently applauding the adventures and misfortunes of Harold. When the work was over, when the orchestra had sent its last sigh up to heaven, Paganini prostrated himself before him:—he could not speak, his voice failed, but not his enthusiasm. Never was enthusiasm more eloquent. And what did Berlioz? He looked around as though the puppet of a dream. He abandoned himself freely to that consolation which came from so high a quarter. How he would have triumphed had all his condemning judges been present at that moment! But no; he thought not of them—he thought not of the glory they denied him; he saw but Paganini—Paganini, who was at his feet;—he was dazzled—intoxicated. Thus, for the first time, we learned that Paganini was a man like other men, that his heart beat like other hearts, that his eye could shed tears, that his mind could comprehend as other minds, and that, consequently, there was nothing supernatural in the man, but his talent.

This event renewed the lease of existence for Berlioz. Hope returned, and with hope the consciousness of genius. He hurried home in triumph, just as he had set out on the first night of the opera. What were his feelings the next day, on receiving a letter from his saviour, containing these words—“*You will be Beethoven!*” And enclosed in the letter were twenty thousand francs, of which Paganini requested his acceptance. Twenty thousand francs! A fortune for Berlioz! For not merely was it twenty thousand francs, but three years of repose, study, liberty, and happiness.

\* Jules Janin.

Paganini thus rendered a double service to Berlioz; he restored him self-confidence, and at the same time accorded him the leisure necessary to the cultivation of his genius. He—a stranger—did for the poor French artist what not a crowned head in Europe could have done. Rare benefaction! Benefaction which the obliged might accept, not only without blushing, but with glory to himself, and the full liberty of exclaiming to all comers, “Behold my benefactor!” Who would have believed, however, that Paganini, the hard-hearted and avaricious Paganini, could have been the man to offer so great an example of well-directed generosity! In these times Paganini is the only gentleman in Europe who has given us a specimen of the traditionary magnificence of Francis the First and his court.

Let us praise him for his liberality, and the singular *esprit d'apropos*, which induced him to come to the assistance of one of the most undoubted geniuses of the day; that inflexible mind which has never condescended to flatter the silly caprices of the crowd; that bar of iron which knows not how to bend; that rebellious spirit which prefers rather to remain unknown than to offer incense to the plebeian ear. If Berlioz has failed in his opera, it is because he did not choose to succeed. He carried his wild independence to such an extent that, if by chance he lighted upon one of those sparkling phrases, so much admired by the French, he cast away the unoffending tune, as a gardener would cast away a parasite. And thus he failed. But, had he succeeded, he would not have encountered the enthusiastic sympathy of Paganini. J. J.

M. Berlioz  
London 9 March  
1852

PAULINE LUCCA, having much improved in health, has returned from Italy to Vienna, but will probably not sing again till she appears at the Royal Italian Opera.

THE remains of the once-famous Catalani, who died at Paris in 1849, will shortly be removed to Pisa, and laid in the vault beneath the marble monument erected to her by her three sons.

ROME (*Correspondence*).—Goldmark has written to thank Mancinelli for the care he took in getting up and conducting *La Regina di Saba* at the Teatro Apollo.—Donizetti's *Duca d'Alba* is to be again performed during the approaching spring season at the Teatro Costanzi.—Nannetti, the well-known bass, is here.—Before leaving Rome for Bilbao, Gayarre was entertained at a banquet given in his honour by some of his fellow countrymen resident in the Eternal City.—Marchesi (director of the Palestra Musicale), Salvi, and others well known in the world of art, propose to get up a joint-stock company for the purpose of establishing here a permanent opera.

NEW YORK.—The concert of the Philharmonic Club at Chickering Hall on Tuesday night, April 4, crowned the work of the season. The programme appealed to the taste of lovers of the higher order of chamber music. It began with Spohr's Quintet in D minor, op. 130, for pianoforte and strings, and ended with Mendelssohn's Octet. Between these pieces were two new compositions composed by Rafael Joseffy—an “Evening Song” for quintet of strings, and a “Pastorale,” for strings and flute, the instruments played by the Club members—as well as three pianoforte pieces by Richard Hoffman, who also played the pianoforte part of the quintet and in it exhibited brilliant execution backed by intelligence, taste, and judgment. Mr Hoffman afterwards gave one of Schumann's “Novelton,” a familiar gavotte by Bach, and a transcription of the Scherzo of Mendelssohn's “Scotch” Symphony.

## THE LATE MR JOHN HILES.

In addition to the contributions to the fund collecting for the widow of the late Mr John Hiles, the following subscriptions have been received:—

Messrs Novello & Co....	£10	0	0
„ John Broadwood & Sons ...	5	5	0
„ Metzler & Co....	5	0	0

Further subscriptions will be kindly received by Messrs Chappell & Co., New Bond Street; Gray & Davison, Euston Road; Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street; and Mr Frederic Davison, 24, Fitzroy Square.

## CONCERTS.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The eighteenth Saturday Concert brought forward a new pianoforte concerto, for the first time in England, the work of Herr Eduard Schütt, a young Russian, settled at Vienna, who has recently completed his studies at the Leipzig Conservatorium. As the production of a youth, the concerto is full of promise. It consists of three divisions—*Allegro Energico*, in G minor and major; *Moderato assai*, in B flat; and *Allegro Grazioso*, in G major. Each movement contains graceful writing, with passages well calculated for the display of the pianoforte, and written with evident knowledge of the characteristics and capacities of the instrument. With somewhat of vagueness in structural form and development in each division of the concerto, there is more coherence and melodic interest than in some of the instrumental productions of the newest German school; and the orchestral writing has much variety of treatment. The solo part was very finely rendered by Mdme Frickenhaus, who was well supported by the band conducted by Mr Manns. The concert opened with Weber's overture to *Euryanthe*, followed by Handel's air, "O ruddier than the cherry" (with recitative), very effectively sung by Mr H. Blower, who produced a favourable impression on this, his first appearance at the Crystal Palace. The pianoforte concerto was succeeded by the recitative and romance, "Sombre forêt," from Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*, given by Mdme Sinico as effectively as on many former occasions in connection with the opera itself. The symphony was Beethoven's "Pastorale." The tempo of the first movement we should have preferred a shade slower. The remaining items were:—Schubert's song, "The Wanderer" (Mr H. Blower), pianoforte solos (Mdme Frickenhaus), the "Habanera," from *Carmen* (Mdme Sinico), and the introduction to the third act of *Die Meistersinger*, with the Dance of Apprentices and Procession of Mastersingers.—D. N.

ROYAL ACADEMY CONCERT ROOM.—The third of the chamber concerts of Messrs Weber, Kummer, and Albert took place on Wednesday evening at the above room. The instrumentalisms of the programme, as upon the former occasions, were chiefly illustrative of the modern school. A sonata for pianoforte and violin by Grieg, another by Brahms for pianoforte and violoncello (E minor, Op. 38), Schumann's pianoforte trio (G minor, Op. 110), Chopin's pianoforte Ballade, No. 3, in A flat; and Wagner's violin solo, "Albumbblatt," presenting a varied round of works, and excellent vehicles for the combined and individual displays of the three accomplished artists to whom these instructive meetings owe their existence. The vocalist of the evening was Miss Jessica O'Brien, the young lady who made so pleasant an impression at St James's Hall in Mr Ambrose Austin's recent Irish concert. Miss O'Brien is the fortunate possessor of a contralto voice of unusual flexibility, which will probably be found valuable on the operatic stage, with which, if there is no incorrectness in the rumour, she is likely before long to be associated. From the specimen she gave on Wednesday evening of her gifts in this respect (the well-known Goatherd's song in *Dinorah*) favourable conclusions may be drawn of her chances of success in a department of lyric art not overstocked with high-class representatives, especially when there is the coincident advantage of personal beauty, as happily is the case in the present instance. Miss O'Brien had previously given other illustrations of her clear and energetic singing in a pair of *lieder* by Schubert, though her best effort, inasmuch as it betokened possibly the truer direction of her professional future, was in the popular couplets of Meyerbeer to which we have alluded.—H.

MR AGUILAR held his first "Easter Performance of Pianoforte Music" on Monday afternoon, April 17. The programme consisted of Fantasia and Fugue, (Mozart); Fantasia in F sharp minor (Mendelssohn); Impromptu, No. 7, (Schubert); Valse, in A flat, (Chopin); and Extracts from Humoreske, (Schumann), played by pupils of Mr Aguilar; Sonata in D, (Aguilar); Last Look, and Away, (Aguilar); Fantasia on *Faust*, (Aguilar); Andante, from the Violin Sonatas, and Gigue, from a Suite for Orchestra, (J. S. Bach-Aguilar); Lé Desir, Transcription, and Couleur de Rose, Galop brilliant, (Aguilar).

A CONCERT was given at Langham Hall on Tuesday evening, April 18th, by the energetic director of the London Conservatoire of Music, Mr Lansdowne Cottell, at which the professors and other artists, as well as several students of the institution, took part. Among those who made their "mark" was a pupil of Mr Cottell's, Miss Emilie Dawson, whose agreeable voice and excellent training were noticeable in Bishop's duet, "As it fell upon a day" (with Miss Emilie Conyngham), and in Mr Roeckel's popular song, "Angus Macdonald." Mdme Shipway, Misses Annie Berrall, Maude Spencer, Sorrell, and Gardiner, as well as Messrs S. and George Davis, gave evidence of progress in their studies. The artists who contributed to the success of the concert were Herren Hermann Carri (pianoforte), and Ferdinand Carri (violin), Signors Monari Rocca, Leone Leoni, and Ria. We must not omit to mention the meritorious performance by Mr George Sumpter of Chopin's "Berceuse," and that of Mayer's "Fontaine" by Miss Blanche St Clair. The conductors were Herr Adler, Mr Max Schröter, and Mr Lansdowne Cottell.

A CONCERT was given by Mr F. W. Partridge, in the Lecture Hall, at Beckingham (Kent), on Wednesday evening, April 19. In the performance of a very excellent programme provided for the occasion, the concert-giver had opportunities of proving his capacity both as pianist and vocalist. Mendelssohn's *Andante* and *Rondo Capriccioso* was rendered by him with the precision and ease that come from full mastery over the form and meaning of the work; and Gluck's *Menuetto Grazioso* was played with characteristic grace. Mr Partridge also joined Mr Frank L. Thomas in an arrangement of Mendelssohn's overture to *Ruy Blas*. The songs selected by him were "O cessate di piagarmi" (Scarlatti), and "Annabel Lee" (Weiss); in their execution he displayed a good voice, that had received the benefits of cultivation. Miss Margaret Hoare gave a delightful reading of Mr Henry Thomas's new and effective song, "Unchanging Love;" Mdme Florence Winn gained enthusiastic applause for her striking rendering of "Caller Herrin;" Mr Abercrombie pleased immensely by his refined singing in Handel's "Where'er you walk;" and Mr Lewis Thomas gratified the audience by declaiming Formes' "In sheltered Vale." Messrs W. Henry, and Frank L. Thomas, besides undertaking the duties of conducting, played in pianoforte duets.—L.

A night with the Scottish Poets was given by Mr Sinclair Dunn, Medalist of the R.A.M., assisted by Miss Eleanor Rees, R.A.M., at the London Art Galleries, on Tuesday evening, last. Selections were effectively rendered from Burns, Scott, Hogg, Tannahill, and Glen, and the "connective readings," given by Mr Dunn, were much appreciated. The plaintive "Wae's me for Prince Charlie," the piquant "Jock o' Hazeldean," and the tender "Bird of the Wilderness" served to show the versatile powers of the lady artist, which are full of promise; while all that Mr Dunn essayed—amongst which we may name the pathetic "O' a' the airts" and the vehement "Macgregors' Gathering"—proved him an exponent of Scottish song of no mean order. Mr Cecil Goodall, R.A.M., was the accompanist.—WETSTAR.

## PROVINCIAL.

PENZANCE.—Mr J. F. H. Read's cantata, *Homeward Bound*, was performed last Tuesday evening by the Penzance Choral Society in St John's Hall. The work was extremely well rendered, and highly appreciated by a large audience. The soloists were members of the choir, and they acquitted themselves admirably. Miss L. M. Nunn, R.A.M., was principal violin, and played the difficult *obbligato* part to the charming song, "A Mother's Love," in good style. Mr Richard White, Jun., presided at the organ, and Mr J. A. Nunn, A.R.A.M., conducted.

LIVERPOOL.—Mr Edward Saker's annual benefit took place at the Alexandra Theatre, before a crowded audience, on Monday evening, April 17th, when a new "comedy-opera," in the Gilbert-Sullivan form, entitled *Chiltern Hundreds*, was produced. The book is by Mr Edgar Pemberton, and the music by Mr Thomas Anderton, a professor of music at Birmingham, and composer, among other things, of a cantata, *John Gilpin*. The operetta was, considering all drawbacks, fairly sung and acted, and, with a little curtailment of the libretto, is sure to become popular. Among the "features of the evening" was a solo on the pianoforte by Herr Steudner Wel-sing, and a solo on the flute by Mr Needham, both capitally played and warmly applauded.

BRIGHTON.—At the Royal Aquarium, last Saturday afternoon, a musical and dramatic sketch by Mr Eric Lewis, entitled *A Round of Visits*, as well as an operetta, *Quid pro Quo*, were introduced by Mdme Alice Barth and Mr Lewis, who sustained the principal characters. The Brouil family are the attraction at to-day's afternoon concert. The final concert of the series given during the past season, by the "Brighton and Sussex Band of Hope Union," took place at the Dome last Saturday evening. The Brighton Symphony Society assisted, and there was a good attendance.

SCRAPS FROM PARIS.

The one great and absorbing topic in artistic circles since the 14th inst. has been the production, on the above date, at the Grand Opera, of M. Ambroise Thomas's new work, *Françoise de Rimini*. The house presented a brilliant appearance, being crammed almost to suffocation by all the celebrities, official, literary, and artistic of the capital who had been fortunate enough to secure seats—no easy task—and their number was increased by a goodly contingent of celebrities from abroad, quite as eager to take part in such a *première*.

The plot of *Françoise de Rimini*, told in four acts, with epilogue and prologue, is founded on an episode in Dante's *Inferno* to the following effect: The heroine, Françoise, daughter of Guido da Polenta, Lord of Ravenna, is loved by Paolo Malatesta, though compelled to marry his elder brother, Lanciotto Malatesta, a brave soldier, but lame and deformed. After her marriage, she still thinks of Paolo, and one day as the two are reading the adventures of Lancelot of the Lake, Lanciotto bursts in and stabs them both. In the poem, Dante enquires of Françoise the cause of her grief, and she replies: "There is no greater grief than calling to mind in misery days of happiness. We were reading once the adventures of Lancelot of the Lake. We were alone and defenceless. What we read caused our glances repeatedly to seek each other and our countenances to change colour; the book became for us a veritable Gaiot. That day we read no more!" It must be mentioned that Gaiot, or Gallahaut, as he is called in the opera, acted as confidant between Lancelot of the Lake and Queen Guinevere, the consort of King Arthur. Such is the subject which the librettists, MM. Jules Barbier and Michael Carré (the latter of whom, by the way, has been dead some time), have moulded into form for the lyric stage. The prologue opens before the dread portals over which are inscribed in letters of fire the well-known line: "All hope abandon, ye who enter here!" Dante comes on, and is soon joined by Virgil, who offers to be his guide, and takes him across the Styx to the Infernal Regions. Here they meet Françoise and Paolo. Struck by their sorrow, Dante asks Virgil about them. The latter replies that their past history shall live before him. Hereupon the curtain falls on the prologue. When it rises for Act I, we have to do with the real world, as conjured up by Virgil for his companion's information. The scene represents an oratory. Paolo and Françoise are side by side reading the same book. Suddenly, Guido da Polenta, the maiden's father, enters and states that the town is threatened by the Guelphs, headed by Lanciotto Malatesta, Paolo's brother. He calls on Paolo to hasten to take part in the defence. A spirited trio ensues, in the course of which Françoise confesses to her father her love for Paolo. In the next scene we behold a large square near the ramparts; the town is taken, and Lanciotto, who has entered in triumph, will grant peace only on condition of obtaining Françoise's hand. In the second act we behold Françoise, who believes that Paolo has been killed in battle, enter the chapel where she is to be united to Lanciotto. Shortly afterwards, Paolo, who has been only wounded makes his appearance. On learning what has taken place, he endeavours to tear open his wounds again and faints. Lanciotto, Françoise, Guido, and their retinue come out of the chapel. Finding she has been deceived by a false report of her lover's death, the hapless Françoise, plucking off her ring and marriage-veil, abandons herself to despair. The third act is taken up chiefly by a ballet, after which Lanciotto is summoned to appear before the Emperor, and accordingly takes his leave, first, however, confiding his bride to the care of Paolo. The fourth act transports the spectator once more to the oratory of the first act. After vain efforts to repress their feelings, the two lovers again meet and avow that their passion for each other is as strong as ever. They rush into each other's arms. Lanciotto suddenly appears, sword in hand, and stabs them both. Clouds descend for a moment, and on rising disclose the Inferno of the Prologue. Eventually, there is a grand apotheosis, and the lovers are received by Angels into Paradise.

So much for the book. With regard to the music, it is impossible to form a just opinion of, and pronounce judgment on, so important a score off-hand. Let it suffice, then, for the present, to say that none of the signs of success were wanting on the first night, the public especially applauding the Prologue, the Epilogue, and the fourth act. The opera was thus cast:—Paolo Malatesta,

M. Sellier; Lanciotto Malatesta, M. Lassalle; Guido da Polenta, M. Gailhard; Dante, M. Giraudet; Françoise de Rimini, Mdle Salla; Ascanio (a page), Mdle Richard; and Virgile, Mdme Barbot. All these artists exerted themselves to the utmost, and, in most cases, with success, to acquit themselves satisfactorily of the task entrusted to them. The Page, Ascanio, though not mentioned in the preceding outline of the plot, is a prominent personage in the book. Another leading character, on the stage at least, is the captive Moorish maiden, of the ballet in the third act, and perhaps Señorita Rosita Mauri never appeared to greater advantage than on this occasion.

The manner in which *Françoise de Rimini* is put on the stage is splendid—in fact, perhaps, too splendid; it diverts the attention of the audience somewhat from the music. The magnificent scenery is by MM. Lavastre, Carpezat, Daran, Rubé, and Chaperon; the complicated machinery by M. Mataillet; while the costumes are designed by M. Eugène Lacoste, with a degree of historical accuracy which would thrill with joy a member of the Society of Antiquaries. Mdme Sembrich came on purpose all the way from Dresden to see the first performance. She was in a box with two other fair artistic celebrities: Mdmes Viardot and Montigny-Rémaury. Not far off was Mdle Vanzandt with the Manager of the Theatre Royal, Copenhagen, and M. Maurice Strakosch. Mdme Alboni was there, and so was Mdme Adler-Devriès. Messrs Ambroise Thomas and Jules Barbier shared the managerial box with M. Vaucorbeil himself, while Mdme Vaucorbeil and Mdme Ambroise Thomas occupied the box above. M. Maurel, too, who has returned from Milan, was among the audience.

*Haydée* has been revived at the Opéra-Comique. The cast included Mdle Isaac, Mdle Dupuis, MM. Furst, Mouliérat, and Combalet. The business has been exceptionally good.

A new fairy buffo opera ("Opérette-féerie"), *Madame le Diable*, book by MM. Meilhac and Arnold Mortier, music by M. Gaston Serpette, has been produced at the Théâtre de la Renaissance, where M. Gravière, previously at the head of the Theatre in Geneva, has succeeded in the management M. Victor Koning, who will in future devote himself entirely to the Gymnase. According to Messrs Meilhac and Mortier, the kingdom of Satan is conducted on a highly methodical plan. All the Ministers of State are placed under the surveillance of inspectors appointed on purpose. The special duty of M. Nick, one of the Ministers, is the demoralization of the human race. To register one particular form of demoralization, namely, that which more especially affects married life, Satan has invented a system of electric tell-tale machines. Each town on earth has a separate machine of this description. Those of Paris and other large French cities are incessantly pealing. Towns abroad set the tell-tales in motion more or less frequently, with the exception of a town somewhere in the north, the machine belonging to which has never sounded on a single occasion in the whole course of forty years. Nick is in despair, being threatened with the loss of his portfolio unless such a disgraceful state of conjugal fidelity ceases. Suddenly he is struck with a bright idea: he will himself visit the offending town and set the long-silent tell-tale once more going. He starts on his journey, but is not aware that he is carrying with him his wife, Mdme le Diable, concealed in his portmanteau. The result may be easily divined. Wherever Nick goes, in whatever intrigues he engages, he is outmanœuvred by the lady, who assumes all kinds of disguises, appearing, for instance, as a milkwoman, an Englishwoman (caricatured, of course), a Hungarian pianist, a Pomeranian Sergeant, a Monkey, and so on. At last, the tell-tale sounds once more, but M. Nick finds that in this case the victim—well, if he was not delighted the audience were, and evidently considered the affair an exceedingly good joke. M. Suppé's music is light and sparkling if not particularly original. But the great attraction is Mdle Jeanne Granier, the representative of Mdme le Diable. Never was she better suited with a part, and never did she do more justice to one. She was efficiently supported by Mdle Desclauzas, M. Jolly, and the other members of the company. No expense has been spared in placing the piece on the stage.

At the Théâtre des Nouveautés, Ch. Lecocq's latest production, *Le Jour et la Nuit*, has made way for a revival of M. Suppé's *Fatinista*, with Mdle Ugalde in the part of Wladimir.—The Théâtre du Château d'Eau is about being again transformed into

a lyric theatre. It is let for three months, beginning on the 1st May, to M. Brunn, who, if report can be trusted, intends to produce a three-act comic opera by M. George Roze.—M. Talandier, a radical deputy, has given notice of an amendment to the budget with a view to abolishing subsidies to theatres. There is not much chance of its being adopted.

#### THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

(From the "Musical Standard.")

A recent number of the *Liverpool Mercury* has a report of an important meeting lately held in that city in aid of the Royal College scheme, and a leaderette on the same topic. Mr Rensburg was the leading supporter of the scheme, and Mr T. L. Paget also spoke at some length in the same direction. The arguments presented by some of the speakers would, if space permitted, be open to some criticism, though the speeches were characterized by much earnestness. The fault of the meeting was the one which has characterized all such meetings—the silence of the best known and practical men of the musical profession. Persons of social position are valuable contributors to the success of any scheme, but the real *esprit de corps* must come from the professors of the science or art presumably to be advanced by the given scheme in hand. What would be thought of the Royal Academy of Painting or the College of Surgeons being nursed almost exclusively by outside laymen? However, when all the lay talk is over, much of which is actually doing injury to the scheme by its obvious want of insight into the requirements and condition of our national musical life, then it is to be hoped our professional musicians will break their present somewhat ominous silence. It is useless to expect real progress in the undertaking until the artistic world itself is seriously and properly invited to encourage and to forward the scheme. The sooner such an invitation for help is extended to the profession, and the sooner their assistance is not limited to the position of merely being asked to give money, the better for all concerned. The world at large will then, indeed, be more induced to believe in the possible realization of the earnest efforts of the promoters. The following letter from a well-known hand appears in the columns of the *Musical Times*:—

SIR,—If the new Music School which our Royal Family has so ably and eloquently inaugurated is to be considered a National Institution, worthy of national support, allow me to say there must be some alteration in its scheme. It was expressly stated at the meeting at St James's that the hundred free scholarships, to which the generous British public are asked to contribute, were to be thrown open to all comers and to all nations. In that case, surely, the school would be international and continental rather than national; and its advantages would appear to be intended chiefly for our poorer neighbours across the channel. Foreign musicians stand in no need of such assistance. They have their own State-supported conservatoires all over the continent. Moreover, they have always received the most cordial support and patronage in this country, from the time of Handel downwards. If the new school is to be considered National, its scholarships must be confined exclusively to the children of English parents, born on English soil, and its musical direction placed in the hands of English musicians. Unless this condition be carried out, it is not difficult to foretell that the school will meet with but short-lived success, like the last National venture, and the British public will soon tire of contributing to its support.—Yours faithfully, A. S. C.

P.S.—Since writing the above, I hear that Professor Donaldson has pointed out the same defect, at a meeting which took place recently at Glasgow.

These words deserve serious consideration. England has never, and it is to be hoped never will hesitate to recognize and employ foreign talent and skill; but the scheme standing on a national basis and to be supported by national means should at least secure its free scholarships for the education of British-born subjects. It is to be hoped that no thought or consideration will be wanting, and no point overlooked in discussing the future of the Royal College of Music; and its best friends cannot but desire the fullest consideration of all it is proposed to do in connection therewith.

A stone tablet has been placed in the library of the Liceo, Bologna, in memory of Gaetano Gaspari, formerly librarian of the institution.

#### THE NIBELUNG'S RING.

Those who witnessed the production of Wagner's music-drama, *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, at Bayreuth, must have regarded it as specially belonging to the "future," so far as concerned England. The vast scheme of the work—a play that occupies four nights—the novelty of its character, its executive difficulty, and the doubtfulness of its reception, were obstacles that appeared insurmountable. The idea of transferring the *Nibelung's Ring* to an English stage was, therefore, so completely dismissed, that we deemed ourselves favoured beyond measure when, at the so-called Wagner Festival, certain selections were given as concert pieces. Life, however, is full of surprises, and it is always the unexpected that happens. The great Festival play is in progress of being transferred to England, and next month will attract the neutral curious, and the partizan enthusiastic, to Her Majesty's Theatre. One is tempted to ask what could have induced Mr Angelo Neumann and Messrs Schultz-Curtius to enter upon so grave an enterprise. It costs many thousands of pounds to engage a large London Theatre, and bring from Germany a complete executive corps, with dresses, scenery, and appointments complete. Besides, it does not appear that the English public have felt a consuming anxiety to test the gold of the *Nibelung's Ring*. There has been no pining for the opportunity of doing this, nor has any section of our people assumed the attitude of the African in missionary books, and cried to the priests of the Wagner cult, "Come over and help us!" This may be a shameful truth, but then the vast mass of us are Philistine folk; and who looks to gather grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles? The question assumes another aspect when we consider that London takes high rank among German cities. It has a Teutonic population, which, if transferred to the Fatherland, would be a perceptible addition to the conscription list. Nor is this colony an exception to the rule which makes a patriot among strangers particularly jealous for his country. It is the most natural thing in the world for Germans whom good or evil fortune have exiled from their native soil to assist at the apotheosis of their national heroes. As a matter of fact, they do so here whenever opportunity allows; above all, when Wagner is concerned. He, bold, aggressive, revolutionary, is to them in art what Bismarck, the eagle, "screaming (and scheming) for the thrones of kings," is in statecraft; and of all this the managers of the present enterprise no doubt take due account. It must be confessed that Germans are chiefly concerned. At the memorable supper given to Wagner at Bayreuth in 1876, the guest of the evening remarked that he had bestowed upon Germany—not upon the world—"a new art," suited to the temperament and tastes of the race. The Italians, he observed, have a lyric drama which satisfies them, and as much may be said of the French—why should not the Fatherland be equally well provided? Why not, indeed? But the "new art" comes to England as an exotic. It was never intended for us, and, should we find it disagree with our preferences, the result will neither be surprising nor an impeachment of the inventor's skill. Accepting the announcements made, there is every reason to anticipate an adequate representation of the music-drama. Mr Neumann promises a good sample of the best talent on the German lyric stage, an orchestra and chorus of repute, and the scenery, &c., used at Bayreuth in 1876. Moreover, the performances are placed under the direction of Herr Seidl, whose name is coupled with a testimonial of exceptional merit from none other than Wagner himself. So far, good; at the same time, it would be idle to look for the marvellous perfection exhibited in the old Franconian city six years ago. We cannot hope to hear again such an orchestra as was then directed by Herr Richter, nor to be called upon for such admiration as was excited by the finished result of three months' arduous rehearsal. The power of comparison, however, is in few hands. Most of those who witness the *Nibelung's Ring* at Her Majesty's Theatre will do so for the first time, and may be trusted, amid their wonder, puzzlement, boredom, or delight, not to have room for the consciousness of disadvantage.

Much was written in these columns and elsewhere concerning Wagner's trilogy at the time of its first representation, but much is

forgotten in six years, and it may not be amiss, without trespassing upon ground better reserved for future occupation, to give some general idea of the scope and character of the work. The distinctive principles by which the poet-composer was guided are few in number, easily set forth, and understood without difficulty, save when expounded with amazing volubility and cloudiness by Wagner himself. They are the superiority of the myth as poetic subject matter, the absolute subordination of music to poetry, and such an enlargement of the domain of music as shall make it not only appeal to feeling, but to mental perceptiveness, which recognizes therein continual and elaborate suggestion of motives, situations, and characters. It cannot be necessary to point out with minuteness how sharply this theory separates the new German art from that which we know as opera. Opera does not ignore the myth, it is true, but largely prefers events in historical or social life. At the same time it sacrifices everything to musical effect, and to the real or imaginary claims of the art; while it is no less exclusively devoted to the simple, direct, and natural function of music—namely, the excitation of feeling appropriate to the dramatic situation, or, of merely pleasurable sensations. The *Nibelung's Ring* is a supreme illustration of Wagner's carefully elaborated theory. Its subject exists in the region of pure myth, and has been stripped by the poet of whatever human interest gathered round it in the course of transmission through many ages. Pagan in its origin, the German race associated the legend with Christianity, recast many of its characters in a mould akin to that of Christian chivalry, and gave them rank and position in settled states. On the other hand, we find the myth unadulterated among the traditions of Iceland and the far north. There it exists in all its extravagance, its terror, and its pathos, with a plentiful admixture of the supernatural, and a mingling of gods and men common to the primitive legends of every race. It was to the Icelandic myth that Wagner went, and his drama is one of supernatural Paganism—a setting forth of a protracted contest for dominion, typified by the miraculous Ring, between the gods of Walhalla and the powers of the nether world. Humanity enters into this as by a side door, and the beings who represent it are far removed from our consciousness. Wagner did well, perhaps, to discard the "purely human" of the Nibelungen story, and give his preference to gods, giants, dwarfs, and their half-human progeny, even though it be hard to say which class bears the palm for qualities looked upon in these latter days as contemptible. The men of the Nibelungen are a terrible company. "Torture and carnage," says M. Taine, "greed of danger, fury of destruction, obstinate and frenzied bravery of an over-strong temperament, the unchaining of the butcherly instincts—such traits meet us at every step in the old Sagas. The daughter of the Danish Jarl, seeing Egil taking his seat near her, repels him with scorn, reproaching him with 'seldom having provided the wolves with hot meat, with never having seen for the whole autumn a raven croaking over the carnage.' But Egil seized her and pacified her by singing 'I have marched with my bloody sword, and the raven has followed me. Furiously we fought, the fire passed over the dwellings of men; we slept in the blood of those who kept the gates.'" With like delectable company the reader of the Nibelungen Saga mixes, and he may prefer Wotan and Alberich, the supernatural antagonists, who, instead of providing the wolves with hot meat, seek to outwit each other "in ways that are dark and tricks that are mean." It is at least conceivable that Wagner might have lighted upon a myth more worthy of his genius. We do not deny that the poem of the *Nibelung's Ring* exemplifies the eternal truth that lust of power brings evil, and that redemption comes through the love that expiates; nor can we refuse to recognize in the hero Siegfried and the heroine Brunnhilde characters cast in a truly heroic mould; but these things are a little leaven, barely equal to leavening the whole gigantic lump of that which, in its exceeding "far-removedness," touches us nowhere, or only does so to disgust and repel. Take away Siegfried, with his Brunnhilde, and the remainder is trickery, lies, and crime, culminated in incest and murder. The lesson of the

drama, it seems to us, might be taught in a simpler and nobler fashion. At the same time the glamour thrown around it by the genius of the poet must receive frank acknowledgment. We cannot choose but hear when the ancient mariner of Bayreuth tells his wondrous tale. "The wedding guest, he beat his breast," and so may we, but we listen all the same. Into the general question of the superiority of the myth for purposes of lyric drama there is no space to enter. Enough that we vainly examine the *Nibelung's Ring* for proof that such superiority exists. The great lessons of human life, with which genuine drama has to do, should be worked out by men and women, not by a lot of impossible creatures whose only connection with humanity lies in the fact that they sprang from the imagination of a dark, superstitious, and ferocious age.

In his musical treatment of the *Nibelung's Ring*, Wagner shows most clearly what he means by the subordination of music to poetry. No work from his pen already known to English audiences does so to the same complete extent, for even in *Lohengrin* the influence of established form is great if not precisely dominant. But the trilogy will not allow established form to be represented by even a rag of its venerable, and, as some may now contend, tattered garment. The huge drama goes on regardless of music. Its characters soliloquise and hold long conversations just as though another art were not concerned, save that their intonations and inflections are regulated by musical signs. Of vocal melody, as the term is generally understood, there can be little under such conditions, and Wagner makes very few departures from the spirit of his theory. Occasionally, a symmetrical phrase occurs; but for the most part the actors are required to declaim rather than sing, musical interest being thus confined to the orchestra. As in pure drama it rarely happens that two people speak at once, Wagner sets his face against concerted vocal music, though he does not entirely discard it. He would have some difficulty in justifying or explaining his practice, if not his theory, on this point. The Rhine daughters sing together, so do the Walkyries, and so do Gunther's men as they greet their master and Brunnhilde. But if concerted utterance be permissible in these cases why not in others where it would even more naturally be expected? Why, for example, are all the spectators dumb when Hagen plunges his spear into Siegfried's back, and when the body of the hero is borne in solemn procession to the house? This, however, is a very minor matter by comparison with the principle which reduces music to the place of a mere attendant upon poetry—a place analogous to that of a groom who rides behind his mistress, with no power to influence her direction or her pace. We cannot believe that Wagner has definitely settled the relative position of the two arts. He has, as far as his own personal action goes, revolutionized a system universal, long established, and mainly founded, as we believe, on the nature of things. But all facts, even those most nearly connected with himself, show that he cannot influence others. According to his principle, he should be the poet Wagner first, the musician Wagner next. Which is he? Men should consider his poetry first, his music next. Which do they so prefer? When the *Nibelung's Ring* is performed have the listeners ears for music before verse, or verse before music? Which do they the more discuss? and which the more seriously justify or condemn? It is vain to contend against facts like these, because they are surface indications of that which lies too deep for uprooting. Granted that music has long unduly prevailed over poetry, and committed all manner of extravagance, the rightful superiority is hers in any case, and the substituted despotism of poetry is but the adoption of one evil in place of another.

With regard to the peculiar power with which Wagner has endowed his *Nibelungen* music, by an elaborate system of representative themes, we must take another opportunity of speaking. The subject is far too interesting for brief and hasty treatment.

The season at the Teatro Regio, Turin, was brought to a close with the 30th performance of Ponchielli's *Gioconda* and the 45th of *Eccleisior*.

MILAN.—During the season lately terminated the works performed at the Scala were *Guillaume Tell*, *Les Huguenots*, *La Sonnambula*, *Bianca di Ceria*, *L'Hérodiade* and *Simon Boccanegra*.

## WAIFS.

A concert has been given in Boston (U.S.) in aid of the Russian Jewish Refugees.

Verdi's *Les Vêpres Siciliennes* has been well received in Bordeaux.

Lecocq's buffo-opera, *Le Jour et la Nuit*, is thought well of at the Hague.

The Austrian pianist, Alfonsina von Weiss, has been playing at Madrid.

Lola Beeth's engagement at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, is for three years.

Tamberlik is the famous Roman—not Russian—tenor. Perish the thought!

Fassò is appointed to succeed Pedrotti as Director of the Liceo Musicale, Turin.

Mr F. B. Jewson is passing the Easter holidays at his favourite retreat, Ramsgate.

The fourth centenary of the invention of printing will be celebrated in Vienna on the 24th June.

Mdme Reicher-Kindermann, of the Leipsic Stadttheater, has been "starring" in Bremen.

The sometime defunct Italian musical and theatrical journal, *La Scena*, has been resuscitated.

A zarzuela, *Catalanes de Gracia*, music by Albeniz, is underlined at the Teatro Eslava, Madrid.

*Il Duca d'Alba* was to be performed for the first time at the San Carlo, Naples, on the 15th inst.

Dr Hans von Bülow is engaged to be married to Fräulein Schanzer, of the Meiningen Court Theatre.

A new National Theatre is to be constructed, with the express sanction of the Czar, at Moscow.

Talazac, of the Paris Opéra-Comique, sang on Thursday in Passion Week in a Sacred Concert at Lille.

Breitkopf and Härtel, Leipsic, have published a biography of Luigi Boccherini, written by G. G. Guidi.

Theodore Semet's comic opera, *Die Grille von Berry*, has been produced at the Stadttheater, Cologne.

Colonne is to conduct this year the classical concerts of the Portuguese Musical Association, Lisbon.

Mlle Durand has returned from Moscow to Florence, where she intends taking a holiday till the autumn.

Johann Strauss's last buffo opera, *Der lustige Krieg*, is being performed at the Thalia Theatre, New York.

Mapleson's Italian Opera company was to sing for a fortnight in Philadelphia, commencing on the 17th inst.

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha has conferred on Ludwig Klee, Berlin, the title of "Ducal Music-Director."

Henri Panofka, the well-known professor of singing, has been created officer of the Order of the Italian Crown.

Donizetti's "posthumous" work, *Il Duca d'Alba*, will be performed next season at the Imperial Opera, Vienna.

Ambroise Thomas's *Mignon*, with Ferni-Germano as the heroine, has been performed at the Teatro Manzoni, Milan.

It is said that Herr Neumann intends including Italy among the countries to be visited by his *Nibelungen* company.

The Philharmonic Society, Malaga, under the direction of Regino Martinez, lately celebrated its thirteenth anniversary.

Espin y Guillen, Agero, and Hernandez y Santa-Marina, are appointed professors at the National School of Music, Madrid.

Carl Heymann, the pianist, has announced a second series of concerts in Moscow. They were to commence on the 16th inst.

Beethoven's *Missa Solennis* was performed, under the direction of Dr Ferdinand Hiller, at the tenth Gürzenich Concert, Cologne.

M. Alexandre Guilmant's organ recitals at the Trocadero, Paris, are to commence on Thursday, May 4, and to continue until June 1.

*Carmen* and *Mignon* are promised for the summer season at the Teatro Sannazaro, Naples, where Virginia Ferni is said to be engaged.

Count Zichy, the one-handed amateur pianist, took part in the annual concert for the benefit of the Austro-Hungarian Relief Society at Dresden.

Higginson is reported to have lost 10,000 dols. by the first season, just terminated, of the Boston (U.S.) Symphony Society, conducted by Henschel.

Mendelssohn's *Athalie*, with connecting text by E. Devrient, has been given by the Vocal Association, Torgau, under the direction of Dr Otto Taubert.

On the 4th inst., the Singakademie, Glogau, gave a performance of J. S. Bach's Cantata: "Ich hatte viel Bekümmerniss," and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

The House of Commons used to be considered the best Club in London. It is fast degenerating into a second-rate Music-hall—only without the harmony.—Punch.

Flotow, composer of *Martha*, *Stradella*, and other very remarkable operas, will be seventy on the 27th inst. His friends in Vienna intend duly to celebrate the event.

Mühlstroph, organist, in Berlin, celebrated on the 4th inst. his fiftieth professional anniversary. The Organists' Association got up a little festival in honour of the event.

Henry E. Abbey leaves America for this country next month, to complete the arrangements for his contemplated autumn operatic season at the Grand Opera House, New York.

The Brussels Society of Music, under Joseph Mortens, will shortly give a performance of Franz Liszt's *Légende de Sainte Elizabeth*, at which the composer has promised to be present.

Giuseppina Zimmermann, formerly of the Victoria, Berlin, and now at the Walhalla, in the same capital, has been engaged for three years as *première danseuse* at the Stadttheater, Leipsic.

It is asserted that Ferrari, manager of the Italian Opera at Buenos-Ayres, intends giving Massenet's *Hérodiade*, with Borghi-Mamo, Tamagno, and Bottesini in the chief characters.

A slight panic, caused by the scenery catching fire from a pistol-shot, occurred recently at the Teatro Goldoni, Modena, but the flames were extinguished before much damage was done.

An engineer at Nantes has invented a machine called the "Automatic Extincter," which, after giving instant warning of a fire in a theatre or elsewhere, will set off to aid in putting out the flames.

A new weekly paper, *La Musica Popolare*, has been started by Sonzogno. The first number contains a portrait of Adelina Patti, and the air, "Se cerca, se dice," from Metastasio's *Olimpiade*, set to music by Pergolese.

Mr Gwyllym Crowe, the conductor of the autumnal Promenade Concerts last year at the Royal Italian Operahouse, is still, and has been during the past week, seriously ill, and his medical attendant forbids him attending to business matters for the present.

The will and codicil of the late Dowager Countess of Essex (Miss Stephens) has been proved by her niece, Miss Esther Matilda Johnston, to whom she has bequeathed all her real and personal estate. The value of the personal estate amounts to over £71,000.

Mr Barton McGuckin will not be able to sing the tenor music in Rubinstein's *Paradise Lost* at the Philharmonic Society's concert (announced for the 27th, but postponed until the 29th inst., in consequence of the Royal wedding), as he has to sing that evening at Dublin, with the Carl Rosa Opera Company, in Balfe's *Moro*, or the *Painter of Antwerp*.

Bizet's *Carmen*, owing, as we learn from a correspondent in Florence, to the worse than mediocrity of the performance, has not been attractive at the Pagliano. So much the worse for the Pagliano and the Florentines, always the last to understand the merits of anything in the operatic way that, by accident, may overstep the boundaries of their somewhat limited faculty of appreciation.

The theatres in Madrid, without exception, are to undergo supervision, with a view to such alterations and modifications as may ensure, in a greater or lesser degree, the safety of the public in case of fire. The catastrophe at the Ring Theatre in Vienna, lamentable as it was, would seem to have made an impression so deep and universal that much good is likely to come of it.

Mary Liszt, a pupil of Mdme Marchesi's and lately at the Milan Scala, is engaged at the Royal Opera, Berlin, for a two months' trial, with a view to succeeding Lilli Lehmann (Wagner's original Flosshilde). After singing in St Petersburg, Lilli Lehmann was to appear on the 13th and 15th inst. in Prague. She next fulfils an engagement simultaneously with Marianne Brandt and Niemann, at the Imperial Opera, Vienna.

Donizetti's "Posthumous" Opera, *Il Duca d'Alba* is in rehearsal at the San Carlo, Naples. That it will be given at every musical town in Italy may be taken for granted; as also that the vast majority of opera-goers who love music for itself, and (pace the "advanced" school) are by no means inclined to believe that Italian opera is dead, or even dying, that we are never more to listen to the flowing melodies of Mozart, Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini, Auber (as much influenced by Rossini as Rossini by Mozart), with other minstrels to whom song came as a natural utterance, and whose melodies, issuing from the primeval source, must live for ever, will have an ardent desire to hear it as soon as possible in England. For this result, devoutly to be wished, we must look to Mr Gye, whose

great establishment, since the beginning, five-and-thirty years ago, has owed so much of its success to certain operas by the distinguished Bergamese composer, and so many of whose most esteemed *prime donne* have earned their fame as representatives of Lucia.—*Graphic*.

**ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.**—We have received the prospectus of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden (Limited), which has been formed for the purpose of combining the two Italian Operas in London and of purchasing from the executors of the late Mr Frederick Gye the Covent Garden Opera House and Floral Hall, with the plant and contents, as well as the lease and goodwill of Her Majesty's Operahouse, with all its plant, scenery, &c., which the said executors have agreed to buy for that purpose. Mr Gye's decease would have necessitated some measure of the kind in order to facilitate the division of his estate, and the opportunity has been taken to renew the experiment made in 1869 of effecting an amalgamation of the interests of Mr Mapleson with those of Messrs Gye. The prospectus states that Mr Ernest Gye will act as managing director, while Mr Mapleson has agreed to give his exclusive services to the company for 10 years and to carry on the operatic business in the United States. It is arranged that a sum of £80,000, at present secured on Covent Garden Theatre, will remain on mortgage, at 4 per cent., and will be redeemable at any time. The capital of the company is £200,000, in 19,900 ordinary shares of £10 each, and 1,000 founders' shares, of £1 each. Of the former 4,000 have been subscribed at par, 2,900 are taken by the vendors, and the remaining 13,000 are now offered to the public. With regard to profits, after payment of a cumulative dividend of 5 per cent on the ordinary shares, one-half of all surplus profits will be divided among holders of ordinary shares and the remainder among holders of founders' shares. Holders of 25 shares or more will be entitled to a deduction from the prices of admission, both in this country and in the United States. Messrs Gye undertake not to carry on any operative undertaking in opposition to the company.—*Times' City article*.

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